

Lake Michigan Voices

Written by Marilyn Zelke Windau

It's the sound of a woman's skirt ruffles
slapping her knees
as she sashays down a corridor.

It's the sound of a huge bird,
perhaps an eagle,
whooshing cooled air,
combatting wind forces to take flight.

It's the sound of doors opening
on Black Friday at dawn—
then the constant disruption of silence,
the rush-echo of forward.

It's the sound of soothe,
the soft babbling of foam bubbles,
stretching, reaching for shore,
for sleep, for comfort, for home.

My lake has many voices,
many spoken languages.
It communicates eternally
to those who listen.